Prin. What ſaiſt thou, miſtris quickly? how doth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou Iacke?

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, Iacke?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a ſeale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it, I am an honeſt mans wife, & ſetting thy Knighthoode aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Falſt. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter ſir Iohn? why an Otter?

Falſt. VVhy? ſhees neither fiſh nor fleſh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, Hoſtes, and he ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day You ought

ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince Sirra, doe I owe yo

Fal. A thouſand pound H
million: thou oweſt me thy lo

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee ca
cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardoll?

Bar. Indeede, ſir Iohn, you

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my ring

Pri. I ſay tis copper: darſt th

Fal. Why Hal? thou knowe
but as thou art Prince, I feare
Lyons Whelpe.

Prince And why not as th

Fal. The King himſelfe,
thou thinke ile feare thee, as I
pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how wou
but ſirra, ther's no roome for f
boſome of thine, It is all filld
Charge an honeſt woman wit
horeſon impudent imboſtraſc
pocket, but tauerne reckonin
ſes, and one poore peniworth
long winded: if thy pocket we
ries but theſe I am a villaine; a
will not pocket vp wrong: art

Fal Doeſt thou heare, hal
cency, *Adam* fell, & what ſho
the daies of villanie? thou ſee
man, & therfore more frailty.

Prin. It apeares ſo by the ſto

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue the
thy husband, looke to thy ſer
ſhalt find me tractable to any
pacifie d ſtill: nay, prethee be
Now Hal, to the newes at co
ſdat anſwered?